

COMMUNICATIONS.  
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The Nile.

BY GEORGE B. VASHON.

"Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left in her bestowal; and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains of the Nile, under the snow fields of Kilimanjaro." Such was the opinion expressed by the American traveler, Bayard Taylor, as he regretfully turned back from his Central African wanderings. The great geographical problem hinted at therein has since been solved, and that triumphant emotion felt. In 1862, Captains Speke and Grant, two officers of the East Indian service, penetrated to the sources of the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile, finding them in the feeding springs of the recently discovered lake of Central Africa, lying immediately south of the equator, the Victoria Nyanza; and thus the secret which Nature had guarded through five thousand years was at last revealed.

Through the long lapse of time just mentioned, the Nile has been a famous river, and in the lower portion of its course well known to the inhabitants of the earth. From its entrance into the Mediterranean sea by several arms, in N. L. 31°, it has, since the earliest days of history, been traced through the lands of Egypt and its southern neighbor, Nubia, receiving in the latter country, first, the tributary waters of the Atbara, or Black River, and then, higher up, those of the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue Nile. Geographical research, mounting its stream still farther, found it swollen by the accession of various branches, until its junction with the Sobat, about nine degrees north of the equator. Above the junction with the latter river, its stream has been ascended to a point some eighty miles south of Gondokoro, a Roman Catholic mission, situated in N. L. 4° 58', leaving the upper portion of its course to its origin a matter of conjecture. And, this conjecture has not been a listlessly indifferent one. Julius Caesar, according to the poet Lucan, declared that he would willingly sacrifice all his political aspirations, in order to set out upon a search for the sources of the Nile; and Nero Caesar sent out in their quest two centuries, whose discoveries, as recounted by Seneca in his *Questions Naturales*, render it highly probable, that they attained to the very lake, since visited by Captains Speke and Grant.

The Egyptian geographer, Claudius Ptolemy, asserted, that the Nile took its rise from two lakes south of the equator and north of the Mountains of the Moon, a range, according to him, extending east and west; and it may be said, without any deduction from the glory of the late discoveries, that his information upon the matter was substantially accurate. His notions in reference to the latitude of the various points in question, are pardonably vague, in view of the infancy of geographical science when he wrote; and it may with probability be surmised, that his bold imagination assumed the crescent-shaped mountain discovered by Captain Speke, north of Lake Tanganyika and the snow-crowned Mount Kenia seen by Dr. Krapf, about 9° due east therefrom, to be the termini of a continuous chain. But it was reserved for Captain Speke, who had, in a previous expedition, discovered the Lake Victoria Nyanza, to verify by actual exploration his conjectures then formed, that this Lake was the parent-spring of the Nile. Starting from Zanzibar on the East African coast, he proceeded to the Lake, journeyed along its western and northern borders, until he arrived at the point where the Nile issues forth, and then, following its course, he continued down by Gondokoro, and through Nubia, into Egypt. Thus, the four hundred miles of unexplored region, which lay between the head-waters of the Nile and the highest known point upon its banks have been traversed, and the mystery of its origin exists no longer.

And now, that the problem of the sources of the Nile has been solved—now that it has been traced to its parent-springs in that far-off equatorial basin, will it cease to be an object of curious interest to the children of men, and will its solemn walls no longer reflect back the outspread sails of the thousands whom a quest of pleasure, or a love for scientific research hitherto caused to navigate its waters? No. As long as those waters course their way to the Mediterranean, so long will the Nile continue to be the goal of eager and delighted travel; so long will it prove a source of wonder deep and manifold to the nations. Its magnitude secured for it an especial note in the days of antiquity; and its fruitfulness, year after year, prompted the dwellers along its banks to recognize in it a beneficent divinity; until, in the mythology of Mizraim, the gods whose altars appeared successfully for the most cherished worship was the trinity of Isis, Osiris, and the Nile. And it was then recognized, so it is now, so will it ever be, a sacred river.

As the Tiber was to Rome, as the Ganges is to Hindostan, so was the Nile to ancient Egypt—so it is now to the world. Its old-time worshippers slumber in their mummied cerebri in catacombs long hidden upon its banks, and the temples reared in its honor are, with each ensuing year, buried deeper beneath the sands of the encroaching desert. But, blending itself with the recollections of other creeds, the Nile still rolls on, with placid and eternal flow, a holy river.

The descendant of Israel recalls to mind the time, when his progenitors, famine-pinched, went down into Egypt to buy corn, and became men of note in the land, until "there arose up a new king which knew not Joseph." Then, in the dream of tyranny and humiliation and servitude which followed, he pictures, in his imagination, the deliverer, at first a child, hidden away in an ark of bulrushes amid the flags of the river, and called Moses because he was providentially drawn from its waters; and, afterwards, a man, "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," smiting the Nile, until "all the waters that were in the river were turned into blood; and the fish that was in the river died; and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river."

The follower of the babe born in Bethlehem fills up the hiatus left by the Evangelist, and in fancy traces the gambols of the child-Christ along the banks of the sacred river. Along those banks, too, at a later day, when Jupiter and the rest of the Olympians have become dishonored gods, he hears the voice of the Christian patriarch of Alexandria swell in mighty and influential tones. The successor of Mahomet, holding the Nile-land in vice-

regal leath, a lion of Africa, captive, yet scarcely subdued, now smiles upon that realm as his; and if anyone demands proof of his sovereignty, let him hearken to the muzzling call to prayer, intoned so loudly that the songs of humbled Zion are almost silenced, and the chanted liturgy of the Eastern church with difficulty heard.

But if the Nile thus necessarily blends itself with the history of the religious creeds, that have characterized the varying civilizations of which this earth has been the theatre, it is none the less intimately connected with the principal political problems that have held sway therein. The Nile is emphatically the river of empire. Summon back the successive imperial dominations of this world and question them as to their possessions. Let each in succession enunciate its realms as the evidences of its glory; and each will, in its turn, make mention of the Nile.

The Asiatic civilization first manifested itself in the establishment of the Babylonian empire; and, in course of time, seeking other fields for its development, extended itself from the Euphrates to the Nile. Ethiopia, under the colonization of Thoth, or Hermes, thus became a power in the earth; and soon after, the nomadic tribes occupying the lands watered by the lower portion of the Nile, were compelled to acknowledge its supremacy. The kingdom of Mizraim, or Egypt, thus formed, immediately launched out upon a career of empire. Under its Kings or Pharaohs, it enlarged its sway by foreign conquests, or aggrandized its power by mighty works at home. One of these Pharaohs, known in history by the name of Sesostris, or Rameses, triumphed over the ancient empire of Babylon, and extended his dominions until they claimed the Ganges as their eastern boundary.

The might of those Egyptian monarchs was further illustrated by the erection of the Sphinx and other immense statues, the temples, and the pyramids whose huge proportions still exist to strike the voyager of the Nile with admiring awe, and to dwarf the architectural displays of later times into Lilliputian littleness. But, alas for the Nile and its dwellers! Alas for the power that strove to vie with nature in Titanic creations, to laugh to scorn the ravages of Time, and to claim for its works the impress and duration of eternity. The Persian came; and throughout the realm of the Pharaohs, the armies of Cambyses wrought such devastation as an earthquake does, when rioting most wildly in its career of ruin.

But the Nile was destined to recognize another lord. The expedition of Sesostris against Babylon was fated to a like retribution in the return of the descendants of Cecrops and Danaus. Egypt, the child of the empire of Nimrod, had in her turn, sent off colonies to Greece; and now the dynasty of the Persians was doomed to give place to that Grecian supremacy won by the spear of the Macedonian Alexander. He, flushed with the conquest of the rest of the world, and vaunting himself the son of his mightiest god, the all-powerful Ammon, claimed the land of the Nile as his legitimate heritage. At his death, this portion of his dominions came under the sceptre of the Ptolemies; and, for nearly three centuries, the princes of that regal family, mingling a Hellenic grace with the grandeur that had ever characterized the genius and spirit of this, their African acquisition, secured for Egypt a foremost place in the rank of the nations.

And, to this page in the Egyptian history, the world must ever recur with grateful regard. For, in the Ptolemaic annals, we find recorded some of the brightest names that ever illustrated the course of scientific research. Astronomy, the divine lore of the Chaldeans, found here its most successful exponent in Claudius Ptolemy; and the kindred science of geography was equally, if not, indeed, in a greater degree, indebted to his investigations. The mathematical sciences, too, were under weighty obligations to this epoch; and, gratefully, over the names of the Samian Pythagoras and of the Athenian Plato, do they still superscribe that of the Egyptian Euclid. And letters, the conservers of every art and of every science, taking their origin in the hieroglyphics of the Isidian priesthood, wandered to Greece with Calanus, and returned from that gifted land, a talent increased a thousand-fold, to be stored away in the treasure-house of the Alexandrian library.

Yet, all this sum of beneficence could not secure permanency to the Ptolemaic rule. The dynasty which had come in with the world-conqueror, Alexander, passed away in the suicidal sighs of the world-enslaver, Cleopatra; and the region of the Nile acknowledged the Roman as its master. For more than six hundred years it continued to share the varying glory of the Cæsars; and, then, fell a prey to the Saracens, under whose sway it can recall, as connected with its history, the magnificence of Haroun-al-Raschid, and the knightly courtesy of Saladin. And, at a later day, since it has been under the banner of the crescent, it has witnessed the Gallic eagles winging their victorious flight in conflict at the foot of the Pyramids, and then, dropping their pinions in defeat before the fierce onslaught of the British lion, upon the waters of the Egyptian river. In the annals of empire, can any other river present so marked, so memorable a record as the Nile?

But, apart from its historic associations, the Nile has other peculiar claims to be regarded as an object of interest to the traveler. Its majestic current, through the last seventeen hundred miles of its course, presents, among the rivers of the earth, the unique instance of a mighty torrent sweeping on with its wealth of waters, unenriched by the offerings of a single tributary. From the moment that it receives the affluent tide of the Atbara, or Black River, it marches on, like a warrior-king, confident of his strength. And yet a fearful contest lies before it—a contest with the fell powers of the Desert. On either hand, the mountains—the Libyan range and the Arabian chain—rear their lofty crests—the giant outposts of the armies of desolation. But the Nile, whether, as at first, in raging rapids, or, as subsequently, in scornfully majestic flow, flashes back its smile of defiant triumph, while it rescues its narrow valley from the invading sands, and causes it to become the garden-spot of the world.

And yet Egypt is, emphatically, "the land of the east, the clime of the sun," where that fiery orb pours forth his most constant rays, and jealously forbids the smallest cloud to darken the life-day of his beloved, or the slightest rain to cool the ardor of his passion. Why, then, does not the Nile-region become, like its hapless sister, Sahara, a scorched and blackened and desolated waste? Solely because it is the Nile-region. Blessed by its inundations, those straitened and showery river-borders are preserved from the neighbor-

ing aridity which threatens them, and become the granaries of Stamboul as formerly they became the granaries of Rome.

With each succeeding year, at the period of the summer solstice, does the Nile, through the agency of the rains which fall in the districts immediately north of the equator, commence to swell the volume of its waters. The rise continues until the time of the autumnal equinox; and then, the flood, having remained stationary for about fifteen days, commences to recede, returning, about the middle of the average May, to its lowest level. The ensuing height of this rise is about twenty-four feet, although it sometimes attains to that of thirty. Should it—as unfortunately it sometimes happens—be only eighteen feet in height, a famine is the result, recalling to mind those patriarchal days when "the famine was over all the face of the earth," \* \* \* and all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn, because that the famine was so sore in all lands." The banks of the river, irrigated by these inundations, and enriched by the alluvium deposited by the receding waters, are luxuriant in all the gorgeous vegetation of the sunny South. On every hand the graceful palm-tree is seen to wave; and beneath its spreading shade, the acaacia blooms and the rose sheds its delicious perfume on the enamored breeze.

O sacred Nile! in thy annual uprising, the ancient dwellers upon thy banks saw typified the resurrection of an all-beneficent Osiris. May not those who now profit by the successive civilizations of which thou wast the silent witness, take it as an emblem, that the land thou lovest is not hopelessly dead—that yet, the riddle of its Sphinx shall be solved, and its Memnon be musical once more at the dawning of a brighter day?

The light which has been shining unknown, unseen amid the darkness of the past, is gradually spreading and chasing away those errors; and in the future we shall see the great truths more clearly exemplified—"God has made all men free and equal." We, my Christian friends, have entered another existence, a new sphere of action. To us, as a people and part of this great Republic, the old regime passed away on the 27th day of February, 1870.

"Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." We can, indeed, look on as what it never was before.

Restrictions and prohibitions "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," are *non plus*. We now stand free and untrammelled; the world with its advantages and privileges is now freely offered to us, and we are elevated to a platform loftier, broader, nobler, on an equality with all, second to none.

No seal now exists, within the borders of this vast Republic, forced to serve under the cruel lash of the task-master, having rights which none are bound to respect.

How rapid have been the developments of the civil and political doctrines of this country, since the close of the late war! Truly we have lived years in a few months—centuries in a few days. Many there are who predicted the failure of this enterprise and re-enslavement of the people; but God has silenced the false prophets and swept away the refuge of lies.

Those who have occupied the presidential chair during this great contest, have been placed there by Heaven; and the same power at the appointed time removed them. When the lamented Lincoln fell by the hand of the assassin, the nation mourned his loss. Had God spared his life, the grief of the nation would have been more poignant. He had finished the work God ordained. Possessed of a mind far in advance of the people, he would have worked too fast; and the result would have been anarchy and discord. To succeed him, God selected one of weak and vacillating temperament, one thing to-day, something else to-morrow, trying to please both friends and enemies, until the nation was brought to a condition, the result of which was strife and confusion. He was then removed, and another, a man, one worthy to fill the position, was chosen; and during his short administration, how much has been accomplished: he has finished the work so long commenced. The nation is now free.

What more can we ask?

We have conferred upon us the highest and noblest gift it is in the power of any government to bestow—the right of citizenship, the noblest aspiration of our manhood. What a change! These results have far exceeded the earnest expectations of the most sanguine. Thoughts and ideas in embryo to-day, to-morrow have attained maturity.

A few years ago, a man, whose only sin was the color of his skin, was denied entrance to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the nation, to-day he fills a chair in that hall—sent there by the people.

We look from the past and present into the future, and judge what will follow. "Coming events cast their shadows before." We have now the shadow, then we shall be face to face, occupying the same positions in the world's arena with our fellow men, fighting life's battles side by side, and reaping its sorrows and joys.

The fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States has been ratified, the President has issued his proclamation; let us not boast too much on the one hand, or be too indifferent on the other; let us be careful to cultivate assiduously the means employed for our elevation; let us use and abuse these privileges. Thank God! that he is dealing with us as he is. He will not burden us; for these privileges come new and great responsibilities. He did not carry the children of Israel immediately out of bondage; but forty years they wandered in the wilderness, until prepared to enter a land of freedom. So we are being educated by the events of the age to new duties.

There is much for us to do; we must act, act in the living present. "Heart, mind and body" are the motto. These privileges will prove the savor of life

unto life, or death to our hopes of future blessings. "As we sow, so shall we reap."

We as a people can hasten or retard our progress; it will be dark—sometimes almost to despair; but thank God and take courage. We cannot hope to accomplish much without difficulties, and even failures; we must not expect, my Christian friends, to enter upon our new sphere of existence and have our anticipations of honor and glory fully realized, without some privations. We must fight to achieve the great results.

The age demands activity in church and State—universality of purpose—unity of action. The spirit of the age is equality; each having rights that all are not only bound, but willing to respect; each loved and appreciated as his worth demands, a man, whether Ethiopian or Anglo-Saxon, commanding the respect of his fellow-man.

But to whom ascribe the glory of these great changes in the Government? Is it the work of God or man? I reply, to God the Judge Eternal, who rules the armies of the Heavens; none can stay his hand, or say "what doest thou?"

It seems to me, if there are any present who are skeptical as to the doctrines of Divine Providence, if they would read the history of this country, of the various changes and events which have transpired here, they would confess to an Invisible Power actuating the hearts and minds of men to noble results.

"Let us then be up and doing, With a heart for any fate, Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait."

Can Human Slavery be Justifiable?

BY GUL. JACOBUS.

The fifteenth amendment is now become the fundamental law for securing equal rights in the franchise to all citizens without respect of persons, and to secure to them a right of assent in the laws by which they are to be governed. This is well done! and peans of triumph will never fail to salute this grand epoch of our history! But what of the past? Let us review the verdict of the American people themselves, when slavery fell under their unequalled protest—when that system was imposed upon the colonies by the tyrannical British government. These people were then only in a position to petition that government against the system of slavery; when, in the true boldness of moral right, the Burgeses of Virginia expressed their disapproval of the human traffic.

the rights of millions of human beings who are our fellow men, and were equally entitled to the privileges of natural law with ourselves! These have writhed in their pain, in our tyrannical grasp; and it was the national talons that transfixed those suffering millions to their wall of woe! Can we expect more mercy than we have shown?

It is already suggested that emancipation was not a full and free act of the nation; but, in the language of one of the defenders of the slave power, "wrenched from us" by a vindictive decree of universal emancipation. \* \* \* And what has been done by way of restitution? It is true that the shallow stream has been slowly rippling over its pebbles of political virtue for near a century, and has found its level in so much of emancipation as to secure by final legislation the slave's (but now freed man's) franchise, for which the freed slave, in gratitude, sends up his full chorus to heaven, "Glory be to God!"

But where is the merit? Is it a free-will offering? It was God set them free! It remains for the nation to do an act, endorsing the liberation not merely in word, but in deed, as "fruits meet for repentance," and make restitution as best it can!

Forget not that while you have had your money, homes, your wives, families and friends, your institutions, and enjoyed this continental range of beauty, grandeur and wealth, these, through the entire history of the Republic, were, without charge or crime, bound to involuntary toil! And now, after a century's imprisonment, turned loose, degraded, poor objects, for whom no one feels responsible, with the plume of liberty stuck in the old leather cap of slavery, to eke out a more wretched existence in contending with the malevolence of their former owners, and no proper aid to enable them to acquire the common privilege of citizenship. Alas! for the freedman!

"No foot of land does he possess, A stranger in the wilderness," pursued from the highways as a vagrant, deprived and punished!

It must be apparent to the least attentive observer, that the country has ample means to compensate these freed slaves and give them the habitation of citizens. Give them institutions of learning, give them homestead lands in the South, give them houses upon those lands, transportation, *matéria medica*, and means to progress in civilization. Enable them to settle permanently in the South, and their labor on the barren wastes will produce gold that will pay off the national debt. Hear no more objections—no more absurd parley of castles and color and texture, &c. Resort no more to subtleties,—it will not avert the course of inexorable justice. Neither is it a mere theory that every nation suffers for unrequited wrongs they have done.

Wednesday, April 14, 1870.

"Most Gracious Sovereign: We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Burgeses of Virginia, loyal in general assembly, beg leave with all humility to approach your Majesty's presence. The many instances of your Majesty's benevolent intentions, and most gracious disposition to promote the prosperity and happiness of your subjects in the colonies, encourage us to look up to the throne, and implore your Majesty's paternal assistance, in averting a calamity of a most alarming nature. The importation of slaves into the colonies from the coast of Africa hath long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity, and under its present encouragement, we have too much reason to fear will endanger the very existence of your Majesty's American dominions. We most humbly beseech your Majesty to remove from this trade of traffic; but when we consider that it greatly retards the settlement of the colonies with more white inhabitants, and may in time have the most destructive influence, we most humbly beseech your Majesty to remove all these restraints on your Majesty's governors of this Colony, which inhibit their assenting to such laws as might check so very pernicious a commerce."

Your Majesty's ancient colony and dominion of Virginia hath at all times, and upon every occasion, been entirely devoted to your Majesty's sacred person and government, and we cannot forget this opportunity of renewing those assurances of the truest loyalty, and warmest affection, which we have so often, with the greatest sincerity, given to the best of Kings, whose wisdom and goodness we esteem the surest pledge of the happiness of all his people.

"Resolved, *nemine contradicente*, That the House do agree with the committee in the said address to be presented to his Majesty."

"Resolved, That an address be presented to his Majesty, expressing the great satisfaction he will be pleased to transmit the address to his Majesty, and to support it in such manner as he shall think most likely to promote the desirable end proposed."

Restitution, or retribution, is a law of the Divine legislature. In this, restitution is required for a breach of justice and a natural human right; and the offense is the more aggravated by being continued and legalized by the law-making power of the newly-formed government.

With a record so full of the abuse of moral principle, all that a nation can now do in the case is, to remove all the effects produced by its omission in the past, and wipe off this plague-spot clean from the land. It is not enough merely to say to those victims, "Be ye free!" but here must be a full and entire emancipation of those living injured people, who must be redressed to the fullest extent of the nation's ability; or, who can doubt but that the law will be executed with fearful retribution? For it is written "a hand for a hand," "a tooth for a tooth," and we may append "strike for strike," "life for life," and so on.

When the war for independence was crowned with victory, and the foreign yoke was broken, the first great error committed was, the institution of slavery, so detested by the people, and tyrannically imposed upon them, was not abolished, but allowed to remain from 1776 to 1863 before any act of the legislature was passed to release from bondage a race of people, grown in the space of eighty-seven years to over 4,000,000 persons.

And do we stand in this action with evidence on our side, that even that act was voluntary and free from conditions? The proclamation was a war measure, and to the effect that those States that were not represented in Congress by the 1st of January, 1863, should lose their slaves; then, those States not included with those declared in insurrection, remained undisturbed in the possession of their slaves; and suppose that all the so included States had returned upon that proclamation, slavery would have continued.

Argument may be prolonged, but it may be sufficient to show that all those colonies condemned it as a high crime! But the young independent Republic, while unfurling the banner of liberty, bound it as an absolute institution to the country by legislation, aside from the Constitution! Then it is a nation's sin! and the bill of retribution is written in the hand of justice. Mercy was shown during the protracted space of time that we tampered with

to be a Conservative now as there was in other days to buy him to be a slave.

There are a few "Yankees" here, who have bought land since the close of the war, but they are generally held in contempt. The majority of them in this vicinity are regarded by the colored people as their worst enemies. This strange course of the men who have been raised under New England influences can only be accounted for because they think it will bring them into society by despising the negro. But how mistaken! The Democrats want trust them, and hold them up to the colored men as evidence of Northern Republicanism; and many of these poor people are made to believe that, after all, the Democrats of the South are their best friends.

The men of the North who cast their fortunes in the South, in any sphere of life, cannot get the friendship of this generation of Southerners who acted in good faith with the rebellion. Nothing but Southern poverty forces the sale of land to Northern farmers and speculators. Hence the Northern adventurers need not make war upon the negro, hoping to win favor in the South.

A Northern merchant may as well set up shop on a prairie and expect to find customers, as to set up shop in Fredericksburg; and expect to find them there; and yet this city will fall down upon its inhabitants unless they import a half dozen live Yankees.

Just think of it, a city with about three or four hundred houses, more than half frame, with about three thousand inhabitants, and not a single fire apparatus! In answer to a question, "How do you put out the fire?" the reply from a venerable inhabitant was, that "we all stand around and see it burn out." There is no reason why, if a fire is started in the upper part of the city, with a favorable wind, the whole city should not be laid in ashes in twelve hours. So much for Southern enterprise.

There are but few churches here, white or colored. In fact, there is but one colored church doing business—Baptist. The pastor of which, whose name is said to be Dickson, in company with the gentleman who used to be the negro buyer, has gone down South with a number of colored laborers of the town, under contract to deliver them in Texas at so much a head. The colored people here are praying that he may be provided with a home down there, that will not admit of his return.

The town can boast of a white and colored school. The colored school is supported by the Presbyterian Association of the North—is conducted by the strongest white Radical in town, Miss S. A. Hatch, of Ohio. She is well shipped by the colored people—and justly she may be—and cursed by the rebels. Twelve white Republicans like her, of the masculine gender, could revolutionize the politics of this county in six months. The colored man wants a good leader. She has about one hundred and fifty scholars under splendid discipline.

There is no business done, and none is done, only on the days (twice a week) when the steamer arrives from Baltimore. And then for corn, for corn is really king here. It is the substitute for money. It is as gold dust used to be in California. Everything is bought and sold on corn, cash or credit. But by some mysterious Providence, last year king corn failed, and corn planters lost their credit, lost the confidence of their laborers, because they failed to comply with their contracts; men unwilling to hire unless paid by the month. Merchants unwilling to credit because of their inability to collect under the Virginia stay law; hence waste fields and destitution.

The wages of mechanics is from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per day; laborers are glad to find employment for fifty cents a day and find themselves; farm hands rarely get more than eight dollars a month and board. In this town there are some of the finest colored mechanics that can be found in the country.

But we must be "on to Richmond." A sudden change has taken place in some parts of the State. One year ago, a Yankee, by general understanding, could not buy land in most parts of Virginia, but corn failing to be king, losing the majesty of his power, and leaving us in poverty and on the verge of bankruptcy. Money must be had. If you have ever been in New England and got out at the way stations and heard the "little Yanks" cry out "Sandwiches sir," you can see in your imaginations, the real estate agents at the way stations on the road to Richmond, holding through the crowd crying out, like the Mariner in the forecastle deck, "land ho!" land sir! Northerners! for I must now drop the term "Yank"—necessity has respectability, and about half way to Richmond, we all use the term Northerners, for every man who comes from any other quarter of the Globe but the South. These are the desired customers, for they always bring us the ready cash. Gold or greenbacks just as we prefer it.

Thousands of acres of land at rates from five to fifty dollars per acre, the best land in Virginia is now changing hands and it is all going into the hands of the Northerners. The meat labor that is being employed is by this capital, which is taking the advantage of the destitute condition of the laborers. It is really a hard job to find a consistent Republican in some of these counties except he has a dark skin; even the men holding Government positions; in fact in some villages if the office should not be filled, until you found a resident Republican, it would not be filled at all; yet we hope for the better when we get to Richmond.

We are here. Confusion worse confounded. At the distance we see the flag on the Custom House flying at half mast in honor to the men, ory of the old hero and patriot, Gen. Thomas. About one hundred yards beyond, and about fifty feet higher in the dome of the State Capitol, we see the flag flying with a st breeze defiantly at the mast head. We hear that Richmond is on, to capture the Supreme Judge, as Georgia is on to capture Congress. We shall look into it and let you know how can these things be, and what are the signs of their coming, in our next.

The other day in Buffalo an excited individual with a carpet-bag in one hand, and an umbrella in the other, and a shawl hanging over his arm, accosted one of the street gamins with the question: "Say Bub, which's the quickest way for me to go to the Erie Railroad depot?" "Run!" was the laconic response.

Hurons.—A Paris Policeman being summoned to the presence of a man who had just shot himself dead, after severely wounding a lady, displayed his anxiety to arrive at the facts of the case by exactly demanding of the only surviving witness of the fray, "Did this man kill himself before he fired at the lady, or not?"